DAME PARTLET'S FARM;

AN ACCOUNT OF

THE RICHES SHE OBTAINED BY

INDUSTRY,

THE GOOD LIFE SHE LED,

AND

ALAS!

GOOD READER,

HER

DEATH AND EPITAPH.

LONDON:
JOHN HARRIS,
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

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THE LIFE

OF

DAME PARTLET.

Dame Partlet is said to have been a very near relation of that renowned person Goody Two Shoes, so well known to every good child who has read those pretty books sold at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, London; and a wonderful clever body she was; for though Dame Partlet lived only in a village, and was left by her husband with a large family, (who, poor man, died of a decline, when he was only thirty years old,) yet she brought up her children to be industrious, and always kept them clean and neat, and taught them to read, without applying to the parish for relief.

Goody Two Shoes having taught her to read, and having early instructed her in the necessity

and usefulness of being industrious, she was not only very clever, but was also so good a woman, that almost everybody in the parish was willing to do something for her; and, as she would often observe, out of Poor Robin's Almanack, "Every little is a help to a poor person."

Next to the parish-clerk, she could read the best of any one in the village; for she had read the Bible three times quite through, from Genesis to Revelations, and could say many of the Psalms of David by heart. She had also read "Thomas-a-Kempis," "The Whole Duty of Man," "The Christian's Daily Walk with God," and "The Economy of Human Life." Therefore, when she was left a widow with six children, she did not sit down and despair of being able to provide for them; for she remembered reading in the Bible, that God had promised, "As is thy day, so shall thy strength be;" and in the Psalms, that "God is a father of the fatherless, and defendeth the cause of the widow." She likewise recollected how the Lord had relieved a poor widow at Sarepta, and had even opened a passage for the children of Israel to pass through the sea, when they thought themselves at the very brink of destruction.

Therefore, she comforted herself with these and such like passages from the Scriptures.

Mr. Coverup, the sexton, had also written for her, on a large sheet of paper, the following sentences from "The Economy of Human Life;" a book which Dame Partlet wished everybody could either read, or have read to them; because, she said, there was something in it applicable to people in every situation in life. This sheet was pasted upon a pasteboard, with some red tape sewed round it, and hung up in the kitchen, by the side of the clock.

RULES TO LIVE HAPPY.

IDLENESS is the parent of want and of pain; but the labour of virtue bringeth forth pleasure.

The slothful man is a burden to himself.

Endeavour to be the first in thy calling, whatever it may be; neither let any go before thee in well-doing.

Put a bridle on thy tongue, set a guard before thy lips, lest the words of thine own mouth destroy thy peace.

To be satisfied with a little is the greatest

wisdom; and he that increases his riches increases his cares also.

Forget not thine own weakness, so shalt thou pardon the failings of others.

Indulge not thyself in the passion of anger; it is a whetting sword to wound thine own breast, or murder thy friend.

A wicked son is a reproach to his father; but he that doeth right is an honour to his grey hairs.

Be grateful to thy father, for he gave thee life; and to thy mother, for she sustained thee.

If thy brother is in adversity, assist him; if thy sister is in trouble, forsake her not.

The honour of a servant is his fidelity; his highest virtues are submission and obedience.

In thy dealings with men, be impartial and just; and do unto them as thou wouldst they should do unto thee.

He was not born in vain who dieth as he ought; neither hath he lived unprofitably who dieth happily.

Dame Partlet knew all these, as well as many other passages, by heart, and would often repeat them to herself when she was at work; but she

thought they might be useful, if hung up in the kitchen, to neighbours and strangers who came in, as well as to her children. And she would often notice how useful, and therefore how necessary, it was to teach young people good maxims and short passages of Scripture by heart; for she observed that every good thing of that kind which people learn, even whilst they are children, is as it were stored up in their mind, and is brought again into their memory, when it can be most useful to comfort and console them.

But this good dame did not expect that she was to be supplied with food and raiment for herself and children by a miracle, or that they were to be kept in idleness by the kindness of her neighbours; for that, she said, would be an abuse of charity: and she had read in the Bible that St. Paul said, "He that would not work should not eat;" also, that the wise king Solomon observed, "Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger."

Therefore, as her husband, who was a gardener, always took in "Poor Robin's Almanack," and had also left her "The Gardener's Calendar," and "Culpeper's Herbal," she endeavoured to render

her children both useful and industrious, by cultivating the garden and orchard which were behind the cottage, and which her husband rented of Squire Takeall, the lord of the manor.

Mr. Coverup, the sexton, was a distant relation of Simon Partlet, her late husband, and always called her cousin; therefore, as he understood digging, and Dame Partlet's sons were too little for such work, he came every Saturday afternoon, when he had no graves to make against Sunday, and dug such part of the ground as required it. And Mr. Singclear, the parish-clerk, who superintended the rector's garden, and who had read the Gardener's folio dictionary and Rider's Almanack, trained the vines and pruned the trees; in return for which kindness, Dame Partlet always joined Mr. Singclear in reading and singing the Psalms on Sunday, and said amen the loudest of anybody in the church, except Miss Deborah Crabface, the rector's maiden aunt by the mother's side.

Indeed, Dame Partlet often observed, that one good turn deserves another; and "How happy and comfortable might a whole village live, even if they were all poor, if everybody would try to show each other all the kindness in their power." But Dame Partlet never said anything of that kind

without endeavouring to show it by her practice. And though Squire Takeall, the lord of the manor, was a very rich man, and had a very great house in the middle of a large park, and had a whole room full of books which he never read, and wore a great many fine clothes, and kept a great many servants with brown liveries turned up with red velvet; and though he kept a great many horses and dogs, and rode over poor people's fields, and trampled down their corn; and though his grey-hounds had all the nice victuals that came from his own table, and his hogs were fed upon the skim-milk, such as Farmer Wheatear gave Dame Partlet for her children; yet, for all he was so rich and so fine, and all in the village pulled off their hats or made curtseys when he passed, yet Squire Takeall did not do so much real good in the village as Dame Partlet, with only a garden and orchard, and a few books on a shelf just over the salt-box.

Squire Takeall paid the overseer's rates exactly to a halfpenny what his own steward had said they came to; and had given strict orders to George Blunt, the porter, not to let a beggar come into the park: but as Dame Partlet always dressed very neat, and went very clean, and did not look like a beggar; and as she never sent her children

to beg any skim-milk of the dairymaid, or ask the cook for broken victuals, or a little dripping; and as she never sent them to glean on Squire Takeall's fields in time of harvest, because he wished to fatten his own hogs with the gleanings; so the Squire suffered her to go into the park to gather what he called weeds; as she always kept a little cupmoss and misletoe, and such useful things in her house, to help the poor people in the village, as

well as for her own use: for she had learned from Culpeper, that cupmoss would cure the hooping-cough, and that the misletoe cured fits.—See where she is, with the basket in her hand, collecting herbs.

"Ay," said Mr. Lovetruth, the rector, "that poor woman, Dame Partlet, knows more than my aunt Deborah, and is of more real use to the parish than all the poor's rates that are collected; for she not only teaches young folks how to work, but she shames the old ones out of idleness. I can't think how she manages to keep herself and children so clean upon that scrap of ground which belongs to her cottage! I think something should be done for her. A widow with six children, renting only two acres of ground, and not asking relief of the parish—I have not known such a thing before since I have been rector here!"

Why, you must know, gentle reader, that the village of Innocence was situated a very long way from London, in the direct road to the south, upon a very pleasant large green, or small common, with a fine pond of water in the middle of it; and Dame Partlet's cottage was in the pleasantest part of the village, viz. at the back of the pond, with a full

view of the church, and a fine prospect of a distant country beyond it. The rectory was a very handsome house, on the right side of the churchyard; so that she had only a side-view of the front, and nobody could look through the windows to see what was doing within. In the front of the house was a beautiful flower-garden; for Mr. Lovetruth was a florist, and had such a charming stand of auriculas, such a variety of roses, such beds of pinks and tulips, as were not to be seen in any other part of the country. This garden was divided from the orchard by a brick-wall, about five feet high, over which you might see, from Dame Partlet's cottage, the fruit-trees, in the spring, white with blossoms, and in the summer and autumn laden with fruit: and as Mr. Lovetruth's study was in his front parlour, so, whilst he was studying his sermons, he had a full view of the church and of his own flower-garden, with an obscure view of the manor-house in the park: for on the opposite side to the rectory, at a great distance from the church, stood the manor-house of Squire Takeall, in the middle of a large park; but hid from the view of Dame Partlet's cottage by a large row of chesnut and lime trees, which being in the summer-time

loaded with flowers, perfumed the neighbouring green, gave shelter to the cattle and poultry from the mid-day heat, and afforded ample provision for Dame Partlet's bees, of which she had a great many hives, ranged under the hedge in the orchard. The other cottages and farm-houses were scattered on different parts of the green, and most of them were covered either with grape-vines, honeysuckles, or jasmines.

It is said to have been in this village that the following beautiful little poem was written, but whether by Mr. Lovetruth, Mr. Singclear, or Dame Partlet, was not known.

RURAL INNOCENCE;

Or, May-Day Morning.

Now the nymphs and swains advance
O'er the lawn in festive dance;
Garlands from the hawthorn bough
Grace the happy shepherd's brow;
Whilst the lasses in array
Wait upon the Queen of May.

Innocence, Content, and Love,
Fill the meadows and the grove;
Mirth that never wears a frown,
Health with sweetness all her own,
Labour puts on Pleasure's smile,
And pale Care forgets his toil.

O what pleasure shepherds know!
Monarchs cannot such bestow;
Love improves each happy hour;
Grandeur has not such in store;
Learn, Ambition, learn from hence,
Happiness is innocence.

"The advantages," said Dame Partlet, "which the poor have by living in a village, are very great, if people would but make use of them; and it is our duty not only to accept of those which Nature bestows upon us, but also to cultivate them by all the means in our power. The dead branches and the leaves from those great trees," said she, "would be broken into powder by the carts and waggons, and the leaves be trampled to dust, if they were neglected. The little insects that are blown from the trees and plants all over this common, and even

the grass itself, would be a nuisance, if cattle and poultry were not kept to feed upon it."

"Sir," said she to Mr. Lovetruth, who called her good woman, and asked her how she kept herself and her children so clean upon so small a pittance, "my children gather up the dead branches which are continually dropping from some of those large trees, and they serve to kindle my fire in the winter, and to boil my tea-kettle, both morning and afternoon, in the summer, without the expense of keeping a fire all day: and the leaves which are blown off in the autumn they gather into a heap on that waste part of the green, where, by being frequently wet, they become dung, and make excellent manure for my garden, which I could not otherwise procure. The geese, the ducks, and the fowls range upon this common, and only require a little barley (which my children glean in the time of harvest) to be given them every morning and evening, by way of making them know their home, and preventing them laying their eggs abroad. Giles Joltem, the waggoner, buys my eggs of me every fortnight, as he passes by with the stage-waggon to London; and when I have any poultry to sell, Biddy Bright-eye, Farmer Wheatear's dairymaid, is so kind as to

take them to market for me. By these means, and the kindness of the farmers in the village, I have hitherto been able to bring up my children decently. But I also get something by my honey, for bees," continued the Dame, "are so very profitable to the owners, that I wonder all the poor people in the village do not keep them: by their industry they obtain that which is provision for themselves and an useful article to mankind, without injury to any

one; as the sweets which they sip from the flowers, and the honey-dews which they collect from those lime-trees, would, without their care and labour, be entirely lost."

Mr. Lovetruth was very much pleased with Dame Partlet's remarks; and when he returned home he desired his aunt Deborah would take notice of her. He also directed that one of her children should come every Saturday afternoon to sweep the walks in his flower-garden, because Farmer Bustle and Captain Curious, the half-pay officer who lived at a new house by the side of the park, generally called on the rector after church on the Sunday, to admire his flowers and taste his ale.

But besides her bees, her poultry, and her little garden, Dame Partlet in a few years had a little flock; for Farmer Nippem had a lamb, which he thought would die, because its dam had been so worried by one of Squire Takeall's dogs that it was obliged to be killed; and as Dame Partlet had been called up three nights together to assist his wife, who was very ill of a fever, the farmer gave her the lamb as a recompense; which the care and attention of Polly Partlet, in giving it milk out of a tea-pot, and cutting a little nice grass for it out

of the orchard, soon recovered; and when it grew up, Farmer Bustle, the churchwarden, said it might go with his flock on the common. By this means she had an increase; and when the sheep were shorn, she and her daughters spun the wool into yarn, with which they knit stockings for all the family, or else sent it to Sam Shuttle, the weaver's, to be made into cloth for petticoats.

Though Dame Partlet's family required so much of her time and attention to provide them with food and clothes, yet she did not neglect to instruct them in reading, and to have them learn to write. She remembered how Goody Two Shoes taught children to read; and she taught her's to say their prayers every night and morning, and their catechism on Sundays: and when they were at breakfast, and at dinner or supper, she made them spell what they had on the table, or what things were about the house; so that they learned a great deal without Dame Partlet losing time from her household affairs. The little ones would spell salt, milk, tea, bread, cheese, chair, stool, bed, &c. and the next, butter, cabbage, oatmeal, and such words; but the biggest, potatoes, apple-dumplings, churchwarden, or any word of six syllables.

Dame Partlet's orchard was generally very productive, for the digging it up and manuring it to plant potatoes, was of great service to the trees. Her apples she used in her own family; for she observed that meat was not only too dear for poor people to get much of, but that fruit was more wholesome for children, if their parents would only take care that it was ripe before they ate it: and her pies and her pastry were always so very clean and so good, that her cousin Coverup, the sexton, often put an apple-pasty in his pocket, to eat when he was making a grave in the cold church yard.

The fruit of the little black cherry-tree was always sent a present to the rectory, for the rector had no black cherries in his orchard; and Dame Partlet happened to mention one day at his house that cherry-brandy was very good for the cholic, and as Miss Deborah Crabface was not only often seized with the cholic herself, but also wished to assist those poor women in the village who were afflicted with the same complaint, she had expressed a wish to have the black cherries. Miss Deborah sometimes gave the child a silver sixpence who carried them; and one season, when the tree produced more than usual, she sent Dame Partlet a beautiful gown,

which had been the rector's grandmother's, and from which she made no doubt but the notable dame could make a frock for one of the children to wear on Sundays. Only look at Peggy Partlet going to church in her new frock.

Indeed, Dame Partlet thought herself very much obliged to Miss Crabface; for, as she always took her children to church on Sundays, and did not let

them ramble about the village, she wished them to appear there decent.

"And it would be a hard case," said she, "if our poor children could not be clean once a week; and after working six days, according to the command of their Maker, be sent on the Sabbath-day to learn their duty to Him. Parents do not consider what injury they are doing their children, when they do not teach them properly to keep the Sabbath-day. Surely there can be nobody in this village so distressed that they cannot make their children clean on Sunday! And how much better it is that they should go to church, and hear the Scriptures read, and attend to the delightful sermons of Mr. Lovetruth, than be strolling about the green in service-time, or gambling at the road side, as I have frequently seen neighbour Trollop's two boys, who never go to church on the Sunday, and are seldom fit to be seen, though their father is always in full work at Strongarm's, the farrier."

Mr. Lovetruth, also, was very kind to the poor children of the village, and would often stay in the church after service on the Sunday afternoon to hear them their catechism, and instruct them in

such parts of the Scriptures as they were capable of understanding. He likewise distributed amongst them some little books, which he received from a society in London, who had a great many printed on purpose to give to poor children.

But to those who attended the most constant, and behaved best at church, as well as to those who soonest learned those little books, the rector, at his own expense, gave a larger book every new year's day; so that, besides a number of instructive and very amusing books, Polly Partlet had a beautiful common prayer-book, in a blue cover with gold edges, with a green baize case made by herself. This book Mr. Lovetruth had given her the last new year's day, because she had said her catechism so well, and behaved so properly at church. And that good man, Bishop Puresoul, had observed, that of all the children who came to him at the cathedral for confirmation from the neighbouring villages, none were so well prepared as those which Mr. Lovetruth brought from the village of Innocence.

When anybody in the village was ill, Dame Partlet was the only person to be sent for; because she not only knew how to do a great many

things proper for sick people, but she was so kind and attentive to them when they were ill, that her very presence seemed to relieve them: she made their water-gruel so nice, and the barley-water so pleasant, and removed their pillows so gently, that all the good women liked to have her with them. "Poor things!" she would say, "we should not be cross to our friends when they are ill, though they are a little peevish and odd-tempered; for it is enough to suffer the pain and affliction of sickness, without having it increased by the unkindness of those about one." Then she would talk so kind and friendly to them, and indulge them in their little fancies; but when they could bear it, she would talk to them about patience, and tell them how Job was afflicted, or read to them from "The Sick Man's Friend," a book which Mr. Lovetruth had given her for a new year's gift.

Dame Partlet was truly beloved by all children; for she had such a delightful way of pleasing without spoiling them, and of instructing them without making it irksome; and she knew such a number of little tales and histories, that in the winter evenings her cottage was the only place for all the children in the village; and Mr. Lovetruth could

always tell, when he questioned the children at church on Sunday, which of them attended her instructive habitation.

Dame Partlet now began to find what the wise King Solomon said was true, that the hand of the diligent maketh rich; for by her industry, and the assistance she had so deservedly received, particularly from Mr. Lovetruth, she had purchased a cow with a calf, and some pigs; her flock of sheep also had considerably increased, and she found her cottage-farm too small for her stock.

Two of her children, however, died of the small-pox; but the other four were grown up. Polly lived as upper-maid at the rectory; her eldest son was head man to Farmer Pleasant, and her youngest son and daughter were at home with her.

At this time it happened that Farmer Tipple, who lived quite at the outskirts of the village towards the north road, in going home from the public-house one dark night, slipped into his own horse-pond, and was drowned.

As soon as Farmer Pleasant heard of this accident, he sent Mr. Lovegold, the squire's steward, a present of a nice sucking pig, and requested that he would let him have Tipple's farm, because it

was so much larger than his own on the green. Peter Partlet told this to his sister Polly as a great secret; and Polly, happening by chance to mention it in the kitchen at the rectory, just as Miss Deborah Crabface stepped into the private pantry to fetch a bottle of currant-wine, after supper on the Sunday evening, Miss Deborah overheard it, and spoke of it in the parlour to Mr. Lovetruth; very kindly adding, that she thought now was the time when the good dame should be rewarded for the services she had done in the village, and be assisted to take Pleasant's farm, which was situated just by her own cottage.

Miss Deborah enforced her good intentions by observing, that it was entirely owing to Dame Partlet that not a child in the parish now would put its hand through the rails and pluck any of the rector's roses, because she had taught them it was naughty to do so.

The next morning, at Mr. Lovetruth's request, his aunt Deborah paid a visit to Mrs. Lovegold; for Mrs. Lovegold sometimes looked in the great folio prayer with Miss Deborah at church; and Mrs. Lovegold stating the matter favourably to her husband, the farm was obtained for Dame Partlet,

and Mr. Lovetruth assisted her to purchase those articles which Farmer Pleasant wished to leave on the premises.

It happened, too, that about the same time Dame Partlet's relation, Mr. Coverup, the sexton, died, and as he had no children, left his property to his cousin Dame Partlet; and Mr. Lovetruth appointed Peter, dame's eldest son, to succeed him in the office of sexton.

Thus Mr. Lovetruth and Miss Deborah Crabface had the pleasure of seeing this worthy woman well settled in a good farm, and become a person of property, as well as an example to every person left in a like situation with herself; showing them that, if they are but attentive and industrious, God will not only bless their industry, but raise them up friends to assist them. For the reader will remember, that Dame Partlet was left at the death of her husband in very indigent circumstances; and it was not because she was a ragged, dirty, idle beggar, and her children wandering about almost naked, that the rector and her neighbours assisted her; but it was because she was decent, clean, industrious, honest, and kept her children at home, and taught them to work for

their living, that she found so many friends; for even children should learn that lazy people will never be respected; whilst those who live in the fear of God, and endeavour by honest means to get forward in the world, will never be left destitute, or be forsaken either by God or man; "Slothfulness," says the wise man, "casteth into a deep sleep, and an idle soul shall suffer hunger;" but "the prudent are crowned with knowledge, and the soul of the diligent shall be made fat."

To report all the good which Dame Partlet did in the village, after she became mistress of a farm, is impossible. By her constant attention to the poor, encouraging them to be industrious, and giving employment to those who stood in need of it, the village became an enviable place of residence; and Dame Partlet experienced the reality of that promise, which she had frequently read in the Scriptures, as made to those who trust in God in the time of distress. "Though thy beginning was but small, yet shall thy latter end greatly increase."

DAME PARTLET'S FARM.

Dame Partlet was a widow left,
With children young and poor;
But by her industry obtain'd
A comfortable store.

At length she had a pretty farm
Of mead and pasture land;
A house, a dovecote, stables, barns,
And servants at command.

An orchard planted well with trees,
A garden for the kitchen—
For pleasure too, bedeck'd with flowers,
And money she was rich in.

She daily in the garden walk'd,
But always took her dog and book,
And told the gardener to cut
Some vegetables for the cook.

In rows along the orchard stood
Her fruitful stalls of bees;
And in the store-room towards the north
She rang'd her stock of cheese.

Her house was thatch'd, her garden pal'd,
Her stables clean and wholesome;
Her guests were welcom'd with a smile,
For flatt'ry she thought fulsome.

Before the parlour-window grew
Some evergreens and roses;
And on the mantelpiece she plac'd
Three glasses fill'd with posies.

Her fields were fenced well with quick,
Her yard was always very neat;
To see her dairy and her churns
Was quite a country treat.

Here dovecote o'er the dairy was;
Her cow-house near the stable;
Her stacks and barns so very nigh,
To watch them she was able.

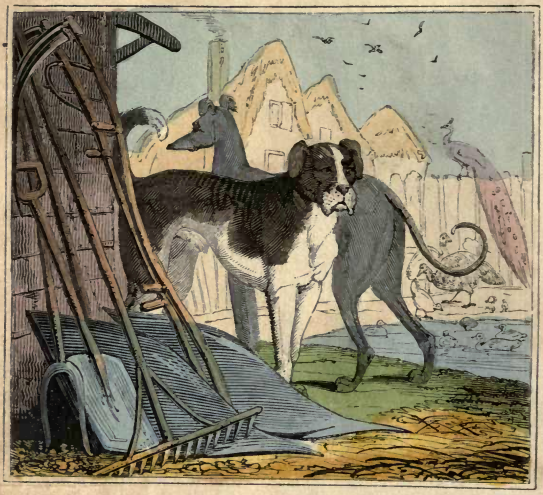
Do see her standing at the door,
To all her servants talking;
Directing them to mind their work
Whilst she abroad was walking.

See Peggy Partlet with the corn
To feed the hen and chickens:
The geese too stretching out their necks
To gather up some pickings!

Her uncle left her fifty pounds,
And golden guineas twenty:
Her sister left her three-pound twelve,
And silver she had plenty.

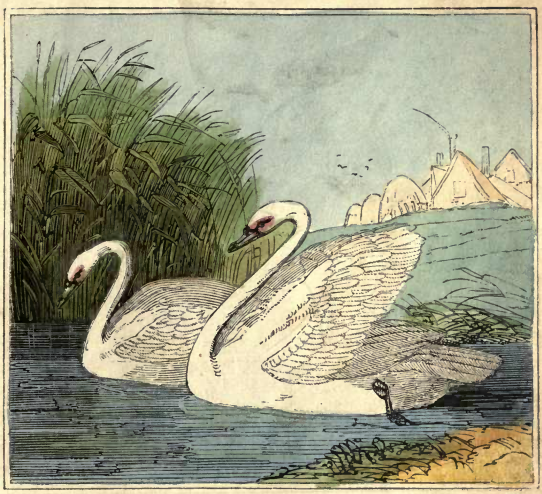
Her cousin left her all his goods,
A bull and fifteen cows;
A noble flock of sheep she had,
A boar and fourteen sows.

Three carts, two waggons, and a plough,
A roller and a harrow;
And whistling in a wicker cage
A blackbird and a sparrow.



Four calves, a mule, a nanny-goat,
A nag to ride to fairs,
Six long-tail'd horses, black as jet,
Three foals and three good mares.

Two scythes, three sickles, forks and rakes,
A spade and two plough-shares;
A mastiff dog to guard the house—
And hound to catch the hares.



Two drakes and twenty ducks she had,
Geese, pigeons, cocks and hens,
Turkeys and peacocks, chickens too,
And rabbits kept in pens.

A noble pond well stock'd with fish,
Where swelling stiff with pride,
Two stately swans of snowy white
In pomp majestic ride.

Two pretty kittens white as milk,
And two large tabby cats;
The kittens drove away the mice,
The cats destroy'd the rats.

Her fields produced both wheat and rye,
And barley to make beer from;
She sent it out to make it malt,
For malt-house she had not one.

Her home-brew'd ale she made so strong,
The Sexton said he loved it;
The Rector thought it not amiss,
And harvest-men approved it.

A stack of hay and one of pease,
A hovel in the rick-yard;
Beside, that she might help the poor,
She had a famous brick-yard.

How cheerful there did all the poor
Fulfil their daily toil,
And greet, as morn and night they pass'd,
Dame Partlet with a smile!

She every morning rose at five,
And ne'er forgot her prayers;
But thank'd God for her good night's rest
Before she came down stairs.

At night, before she went to bed,
She pray'd to God to bless her;
Then laid the book by on the shelf,
And bid her maid undress her.

She every Sunday went to church,
Sometimes a dirty way;
But she would never stay at home,
Although a rainy day.

Her dress was always clean and neat,
And useful, if not tasty;
She always wash'd her hands before
She made an apple pasty.

When cherries and when plums were ripe,
She sent to Mrs. Teachem,
That her young ladies might have some
At least, if they deserved them.

At Michaelmas she yearly sent
A basket full of pears
To Mr. Spellright, for those boys
Who always said their prayers.

To all the poor when sick she went,
And cheer'd them in their illness;
And if they murmur'd in their pain,
She urg'd the use of stillness.

At Easter and at Christmas time,
At Whitsuntide likewise,
She made many nice good things,
As cheesecakes, tarts, and pies.

She 'd eggs in plenty, flour and milk,
And knew well how to bake;
And constant as the season came
She made a new-year's cake.

Of cowslip, elder, currant-wine,
She made three little casks;
And when it stood till it was fine
She cork'd it up in flasks.

A slice of cake, a glass of wine,
A cheesecake and a pie,
She gave to each good boy and girl,
Who never told a lie.

Custards and syllabubs she made,
And sent some to the Rector,
Who, now grown old, when she was poor
Had been her chief protector.

At Christmas round her welcome board
Old neighbours all were seen ;
Who talk'd again their youthful feats
And gambols on the green.

And round her cheerly-blazing hearth
On Twelfth-night you might see
The nymphs and swains in sprightly dance
Unite with festive glee.

For young and old Dame Partlet lov'd,
And she their mirth enjoy'd,
As whilst in *Innocence* they liv'd
'Twas mirth that never cloy'd.

Thus many years Dame Partlet liv'd
Surrounded by her friends,
Enjoying all that heart-felt bliss
Which industry attends.

Her children, taught to fear the Lord,
And walk in wisdom's ways,
Gave comfort to declining age,
And sooth'd her latter days.

The poor, to whom she prov'd so kind,
Return'd their grateful prayers;
Thus all combin'd in life's decline
To ease Dame Partlet's cares.

But oh! alack! and well-a-day!
Such news I have to tell,
Grief will make you sob and sigh,
Your eyes with crying swell.

Dame Partlet on the tenth of June
Was sixty-nine years old,
And it was on that very day
She caught a dreadful cold.

That cold a fever soon brought on,
The fever brought on death,
So, after having made her will,
She yielded up her breath.

Yet stop your grief, for she has left
Each little girl and boy
Who gets by heart this little hymn,
A cheesecake and a pie.

THE HYMN.

FEIGN would my soul fly up above,
It pants with fond desire
To join, in heav'nly songs of love,
The bright angelic choir,

Who, falling down before the Lamb,
Await his gracious nod;
Then sing the glories of his name,
And magnify their God.

"Holy, Lord God of Hosts," they cry,
"The earth thy goodness fills;
"Thy boundless mercy from the sky
"Like gentle showers distils."

While angels bless thy sacred name,
And all thy glories raise,
O let an infant's early flame
Break forth in songs of praise.

When Mr. Spellright and Mrs. Teachem heard that Dame Partlet was dead, they called all their little pupils together, and told them of the great loss they had sustained in the death of so good a

friend; and, from the very short time she lay ill, took occasion to observe how necessary it was for people to live in such a manner as not to be afraid of death; therefore exhorted them, in the words of the wise man, to "Remember their Creator in the days of their youth."

Notwithstanding Dame Partlet died rich, she had directed by her will, that much money should not be expended on her funeral; for she thought it better to have something given to the poor, than with great expense to make a pompous show over a dead body. However, her son Peter, and Farmer Safeguard, whom she left executors, thought it proper to have that respect shown to her last remains which her character and situation in life required; therefore they gave directions to Mr. Screwdown, the undertaker, to have what he called a handsome funeral; which directions you may see he observed.

Never did any person die in the village of Innocence, more lamented, or whose funeral was so numerously attended as that of Dame Partlet. Though the Rector was so old and infirm, yet he would attend himself to read the service; Mrs. Teachem was in the Squire's pew with all her young

ladies, and Mr. Spellright was present with his boarders. The poor people, not only of the village but from many miles round, also attended, so that the church was crowded with people, and filled with grief and lamentation. As Mr. Lovetruth thought it would create much confusion if bread was given away to the poor in the churchyard, a donation instead was sent to the house of every poor person in the village; the legacies and tokens of

remembrance which she left to her particular friends, and to all the good children in the village, were paid immediately; and on the Sunday after the funeral, Mr. Spellright attended Mr. Lovetruth the Minister, and presented him with an inscription for a tomb-stone, which was written by one of his young gentlemen; and Mr. Lovetruth ordered it to be engraved on a fine piece of black marble and placed at the head of her grave, which was in the churchyard of the village of Innocence, in the county of True Delight.

EPITAPH ON DAME PARTLET.

DAME PARTLET here now rests in peace,
Who all her life did never cease
From doing good. To all the poor
Who stood in need, she lent her store;
To boys and girls who said their prayers
She sent her apples and her pears;
To those who never told a lie
She gave a cheesecake or a pie;
To those who learnt their book by heart
She gave a custard or a tart;
But those who best could read and spell,
Or who in writing did excel,

Were ever welcome to her kitchen,
For cake and sweetmeats she was rich in;
And those who went to church on Sunday
Were sure to have some buns on Monday;
But they who best the collect said
Receiv'd a cake of diet-bread:
Then let all those within this county
Who thus have tasted of her bounty,
In gratitude to this good dame
When they grow rich do just the same.

FINIS.

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